

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruile vſage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh ſtay: I haue no power to let her paſſe,
My hand would free her, but my heart ſayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glaſſie ſtreames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So ſeemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I wooe her, yet I dare not ſpeake:
He call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Eye De la Pole, diſable not thy ſelfe:
Haſt not a Tongue? Is he not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans ſight?
I: Beauties Princely Maieſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſome muſt I pay before I paſſe?
For I perceiue I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haſt a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at random: ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me:
Suf. He win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatiſfied,
And peace eſtabliſhed betwene theſe Realmes.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Mayne, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will ſcorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdaine they ne're ſo much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a ſecret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be intral'd, he ſeems a knight
And will not any way diſhonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeſſe, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlaue, in baſe ſeruility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. He vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt conſcend to be my
Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To wooe ſo faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choiſe my ſelfe.
How ſay you Madam, are ye ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Caſtle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the Walles.
See *Reignier* ſee, thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Conſent, and for thy Honor giue conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her caſe held imprifonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knows,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faime.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I deſcend,
To giue thee anſwer of thy iuſt demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in Anjou what your Honor pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace vnto my ſuite?
Reig. Since thou doſt daigne to wooe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of Warre,
My daughter ſhall be *Henries*, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſome, I deliuer her,
And thoſe two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for ſigne of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Traffike of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attorney in this caſe.
He ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, let this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wiſhes, praife, & praier,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *Shee is going*
Suf. Farewell ſweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtie directed,

But Madame, I muſt trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maieſtie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnſpotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I ſend the King. *Kiſſe her.*
Suf. And this withall.
Mar. That for thy ſelfe, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeuiſh tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my ſelfe: but *Suffolke* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotours and vgly Treafons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praife.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that ſurmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeate their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneele at *Henries* ſeete,
Thou mayeſt becauſe him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*
Enter *York*, *Warwicke*, *Shepherd*, *Pucell*.
Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſſe condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kilts thy Fathers heart out-right,
Hau'e I fought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſſe cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, ſweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo
I did beget her, all the Pariſh knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruite of my Bach'ler-ſhip.
War. Graceleſſe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath bene,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. I ſee *Ione*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy fake haue I ſhed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Pucel. Pezant auant. You haue ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe, to obſcure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleſſing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? Now curſed be the time
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou ſuck'ſt her breaſt,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy ſake.
Or elſe, when thou didſt keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wiſh ſome rauinous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for ſhe hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. Firſt let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd:
Not me, begotten of a Shepherd Swaine,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, choſen from aboue,
By inſpiration of Celeſtiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
Ineuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your luſtes,
Stain'd with the guiltleſſe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſſe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No miſconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath bene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chafte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whole Maideen-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearken ye firſt: becauſe ſhe is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrells of pitch vpon the ſatall ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* diſcouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murder not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forſend, the holy Maide with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere ye wrought,
Is all your ſtrict precifenefſe come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Baſtards liue,
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puc. You are decey'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alaſon* that inoy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alaſon* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thouſand liues.
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of Naples that preuayl'd.
War. A married man, that's moſt intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think ſhe knowes not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſigne ſhe hath bene liberal and free.
Yor. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure,
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vſe no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Puc. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curſe.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darkneſſe, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inuiſion you, till Miſcheefe and Diſpaire,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your ſelues. *Exit*
Enter *Cardinall*.
Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou ſoule accuſed miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do grette your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriſtendome,
Mou'd with remorſe of theſe out-ragious broyles,
Haue carneſtly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aſpyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to conferre about ſome matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue bene ouerthrowne,
And ſold their bodies for their Countreys benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not loſt moſt part of all the Townes,
By Treafon, Falſhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, I foreſee with greefe
The vtter loſſe of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient *Yorke*, if we conclude a Peace